

## OUR WEEKLY FASHION LETTER

A TIMELY REVIEW OF THE LATEST MODES (Special) By JUDIC CHOLLET

## MODISTIC MATTERS.

Jaunty Cutaway Coat—New Brown Stockings Are Stunning.

Cutaway coats have pushed their trim and jaunty way to the front and pushed behind them at the same time the Eton and the three-quarter lengths, all save the pony coat, which shares the joys of popularity with the cutaway.

Golden brown thread stockings with openwork bowknots at the sides are smart to wear with brown pumps.

Brown shoes are easily the leaders in footwear, and some of these shoes are ornamented with cut steel buckles. Leather bows are also a pretty finish for the bronze boot. Some that are laced with wide ribbon have two bows, one at the top and one at the instep.

Champagne color and pale gray gloves are worn with white linen suits. Many of the summer evening gloves are made with lace uppers.

Long light dust coats are made of tatted linen embroidered in white. Pon-

more dotted brown veils this season than ever before.

Striped suitings of all sorts are greatly in vogue, but the gray and white ones are especially well liked. Here is a suit of this material with one of the new fitted jackets combined with a plaited skirt. Such a costume is admirable for a number of occasions, such as shopping, walking and traveling.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

## SARTORIAL NEWS.

Short Sleeves Will Reign All Summer. Brown Linen Frocks.

The becomingness and convenience of the short sleeve are excellent reasons for its continuance through the season. In spite of the many rumors to the contrary, it will lose none of its



A SMART LINEN FROCK—5555.

popularity during the hot season, and it looks now as if it might again be carried over into another season.

Pale blue linen trimmed with embroidered bands and edging and a further decoration of white soutache makes an attractive little frock for a young girl. The guilpe should be separate from the dress and should be of some other material.

A brown linen frock is sure to be a most useful dress, for it can be worn in town and then altered many times during the summer when a dark gown is necessary, but when it is too hot for either silk or cloth. A brown linen princess dress, with white lace collar and cuff, is stylish for simple morning wear, and a bolero to correspond with the costume makes an exceedingly attractive suit.

Corded linens may not give satisfactory wear, but they are so exquisitely pretty, many of them, that there is no danger of their passing out of favor for some time to come. Many of these are elaborately embroidered, others only trimmed with lace and tucking, but really all of these models so far are exceedingly attractive.

The heavy linens are being extensively used for guilpe princess dresses. The picture displays a frock of this genre in pale blue linen with embroideries of white batiste.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

## A New Trust.

"This puts an end to my career," said Cupid, scowling in disgust. "Some enterprising financier has organized a great heart trust!"

"Now must I hang my quiver up? And let my bright tipped arrows rust. Despair and sorrow fill my cup— They've organized a great heart trust."

"How eagerly the men will flock When such reports as these are heard: 'Furtive hearts are common stock; Faithful and loyal hearts preferred;'"

"Chicago bold advance has made; Boston is showing a decline; For foreign hearts large sums are paid; The southern peach crop's very fine;"

"In spinsters there's a sudden lull; Widows show hardening tendency; Matrons are steady, firm and dull; Husbands are acting fearfully;"

"Ah, well," said Cupid, "I've no fear. For every trust must have its day. And when it falls I'll be right here To run the game my own old way."

—Carolyn Wells in Delinestor.

## In Fear of Her Spirit.

Gaddie—I should think, now that your wife's been dead over a year, you'd look around and get a good one this time.

Henpeck—My, I'd like to, but I wouldn't dare.

Gaddie—Why not?

Henpeck—Because Maria told me if I did she'd come back and haunt me.—Catholic Standard and Times.

## Could Not Hear Himself.

"A man who was charged at the Wilkeson police court with intoxication and using bad language pleaded guilty to the first part of the charge, adding, 'As to the language, I know nothing about it because I'm very deaf.'—London Express.

## One Reason Enough.

"Did you attend Mrs. Breezy's afternoon bridge?"

"No. In the first place, I don't know her, and in the second place, I wasn't invited."—Cleveland Leader.

## THE LIMEKILN CLUB

Brother Gardner's Remarks to Members on Transmigration.

## THE CASE OF SAMUEL SHIN.

Fear'd That He Would Some Day Be Blown Up and That He Would Come Back to Earth Again in the Form of a Mud Turtle.

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During the routine proceedings of the Limekiln club at its last session word had gone about Paradise hall that Brother Gardner, president, would have something to say of a caustic nature, and there was a flutter of excitement as he finally arose and began:

"My frens, I have a few remarks to remark yere dis evenin'. I has known for de last fo' weeks dat dis club was



"HE WAS A SHORT, ONE STORY MAN."

been unsettled by a sartin thing, but I have kept quiet to see how far it would go. I feel dat de time has now come when I orter say sunthin'.

"A few weeks ago a cull'd individual named Skookem arrive yere from de state of Alabama. He was a short, one story man. He had a squint to his left eye. When you was lookin' at his feet, it was hard to tell which was de heel and which was de foot. He had a voice fo' times too big for his body, and he kept dat voice gwine all de time.

"Professor Skookem, as he called himself, called at my cabin and preceeded to make himself at home. He wanted my permission to deliver a lecture befo' dis club on de subject of transmigration. He went on and repeated it to me, and I declined to grant it, specially as he proposed to sell, at de close of de lecture, a compound warranted to smooth de kinks out of de ha'r at de price of \$1 a bottle. To get even wid me he hired an old icehouse and has been givin' his talks to all of you who would drop in to hear him.

"I have been lookin' around for de last half hour to see how many kinks had been straightened out. I have been told dat de professor has worked off ober fifty bottles on members of dis club. It don't seem to have done any good. Dar'm just as many kinks as befo'. Hasn't pulled de wool of any of you out straight. If I have overlooked any one he will please stand up."

## No One Stood Up.

No one had been overlooked. At least no one stood up. There was a shamefaced look on most every countenance, and Elder Toots and Tarheel Jones pretended to nod in sleep behind de stove.

"Yes, de professor told you all about transmigration. He told you dat de old idea 'bout heaven and hell was exploded and dat all hustlers had now come to believe dat when a person died he cum back to airth in de form of some animal or bird or some inanimate thing. Slick of you as don't know de meannin' of de word inanimate kin stop arter de meetin' adjourns, and I will explain it. If his heels hit de cellin' while I am explainin', he mustn't blame me.

"For de last three weeks Watermill-yon Jones has not showed up at our weekly meetin's. He has stayed home to put dat compound on his kinky ha'r and becase he was afraid dat he might git run ober by a street klam and come back to airth in de form of a yaller dawg. When he thought of bein' a yaller dawg and havin' tiz cans tied to his tail and bel'n' rushed up and down de street he got sich a pain dat he had to go to bed.

"Dar's de case of Samuel Shin. He believes in transmigration right up to his ears, and for days and days he's bin walkin' around on tiptoe for fear dat a gas tank would blow up and knock him into a cocked hat and dat he'd come back to airth as a mud turtle. What he'd like to be is a peacock, but he's mortally afraid dat it will be mud turtle instead. He's thought it over till he finds himself stickin' his head outter his shell to look around.

"Brudder Buckeye Johnson has also got it bad. His wife was ober to my cabin de odder night to borrow a drawin' of tea, and she said she'd left him home wid shivers runnin' up his back. For two weeks he's expected de post-office to fall down and bury him in de ruins as he was passin'. He's like to come back to airth and be a rhinoceros and knock folks endways and go sportin' about, but he fears dat it will be as

a mewl. In dat case he'll have to work every day in de week, which is sunthin' he has nebbber done in all his life, and he reckons on gittin' clubbed by his owner at least twice a day. He wakes up out of his sleep o' nights and kin almost hear hisself brayin'.

## Jackson and Transmigration.

"Perdimmon Jackson went into de transmigration bizness becase he hoped to come back to airth as a guinea hen. He wanted to strut around de yard and go cluck, cluck, cluck, and once in awhile to let out one o' dem screams dat sours all de milk in de pantry. I met up wid him on de street de odder day, and of all de woebegone critters I ever saw he was de worst. It had suddenly occurred to him dat he might come back as a rabbit and dat all de boys and all de foxes in de state would git arter him and make him keep on de hump for twenty-four hours a day.

"Brudder Cleero White, sittin' ober dar'm wid his ears workin', has also got his sorer and can't be comforted. Professor Skookem told him at first dat he'd try and arrange to have him struck by lightning and come back to airth as a five legged horse that would have nothin' to do but pose in a dime museum and eat de best of food, but when he refused to buy a bottle of de kink straightener he was informed dat he'd be hit to death by a bog and come back as a bat. He's nigh sighted by day, and de idea of flyin' around on dark nights and buttin' his head agin telegraph poles keeps him so upset dat he can't enjoy ham and eggs.

"Brudder Pardonable Black has also got his dose. He jist rushed right into transmigration like a bull gwine for a haystack. He allowed he wanted to come back to airth as a millionaire arter dyin' softly and decently of appendicitis and then go at it and spend a hundred dollars a day for fried oysters and ice cream. He bought de kink straightener and paid his dollar, but when it didn't work he complained to de professor. In return he was told dat he would be eaten up by wolves and come back to airth as a pear tree and dat de boys would be climbin' him from Sunday mawnin' till Saturday night. He hasn't drawn a breath of comfort for three weeks, and dar am seventeen mo' kinks in his ha'r dan dey used to be.

## The Dude of the Club.

"One mo' case—dat of Brudder Golang Saxby. He's de dude of dis club. When he heard about transmigration he made up his mind dat he wanted to sweat himself to death by wearin' a \$250 fur lined overcoat. Den he wanted to come back to airth as a peacock. He was gwine to make sich a spread of tall feathers as had nebbber bin seen in dis world befo'. He practiced on a strut, so as to have it all ready. He jist dwelt on how he would mash everythin' for ten miles around and make all de gobblers and roosters look tired. The thing might have gone through, but de professor got jealous of him and told him dat he would die of bilious colic and come back to airth to be a brindle bottailed cat. Dat's why Golang isn't wid us yere dis evenin'. He's sittin' home wid his feet in a pan of hot water and prayin' de Lawd to spare him.

"Jist two or three words mo'. Transmigration stops right yere wid a sudden thud.

"Drop it or de Limekiln club draps you.

"Befo' comin' to de meetin' tonight I went ober to de icehouse and hunted up de professor. I caused him to undergo sartin gyrations and motions for about five minutes, and when I was frew wid him he was dustin' back to'rds Alabama so fast dat you might have played checkers on his coat tails.

"Dat's all. We will now break de meetin' in two and go home. Any one of you who comes back to de next meetin' as a jackass will hear sunthin' drap."

M. QUAD.

## A Mean Man.

Sobbing Wife—Mamma, Jack's so—so mean, he won't even give me pin—pin money. Irate Mother-in-law—Are you so penurious as that to my poor child? Meek Husband—But it was a \$500 diamond and pearl pin money she wanted. —Baltimore American.

## A Hole in the Sky!



Caddy (to Jones, who has lifted one higher than usual)—Ah, sir, if there was only a hole up there you'd ha' holed out in one.—London Opinion.

## Too Technical.

"Going to the game this afternoon?" "Yep. I'm awfully busy too." "Why don't you wait and read about it in the morning paper?" "That wouldn't do me any good. I'd have to see the game to understand the article."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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